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THE PICTURED ROCKS, LAKE SUPERIOR.

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About seventy miles from the Sault Ste. Mary on Lake Superior, begins that remarkable line of cliffs, known as the "Pictured Rocks." These rocks, which extend along the shore of the lake for about fifteen miles, are of a yellow sandstone, and have been worn by the action of the ocean-like surf into fantastic shapes; while the percolation through their crevices, of water impregnated with iron and copper, has colored them in curious bands of brilliant hues.

Our illustration presents a picture of what is known as "The Grand Chapel." This remarkable resemblance to a piece of gothic architecture, is at the eastern end of the line of cliffs. It stands about fifty feet above the level of the lake. Its arched roof is supported by two huge and beautiful columns, which look like human handiwork. The roof, which rests in part upon the main cliffs, is crowned with a growth of fir-trees. These do not find the chapel a place of peace, but must struggle for their lives with the frequent storms to which they are exposed. Within the chapel a broken column suggests a pulpit.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

Temperance Department.

HOW ONE DRUNKARD WAS MADE.—A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY GRACE BENEDICT.

It was done in the usual way with this difference (to me, at least), I saw it done. Had I known the end from the beginning I should have raised a warning cry. Who would not? Was not the drunkard's end, when the wine which "moveth itself aright" is biting like a serpent and stinging like an adder, what I had always looked at? But one day the beginning and the end of his course were set over against each other in such a way that I seemed to see the picture as in a vision. There was Satan, the great enemy of souls, spreading his first fatal snare; but it was not in a dram-shop, as one might suppose. And there, too, was his most carefully-chosen instrument, a fair, thoughtless woman, standing, I plainly saw, as much in the shadow of God's displeasure as the evil companions to whom the world gave all the blame.

It was a dark picture, but at that time and in that instance, the chief sorrow to me was not so much that here was another image of God defaced and brutalized by rum, but another and more startling thought: "Could I have hindered this? Need this have been here for angels to weep over and demons to mock at?"

To go back ten years and more that you may see it all as I did.

It was New-Year's day, 186—. A storm had been raging outside since early morning, but we who had gathered in Mrs. C.'s beautiful parlor knew nothing of the bitter wind and sleet except that we had fewer callers than usual. But those who came seemed to be all the merrier for having less of a crowd. The bright fire glowed in hospitable welcome on the hearth for winter cheer, while one might forget in the bloom and fragrance of the flowers that brightened the room everywhere that it was not summer time and summer weather.

I remember the scene so well. The happy young faces, the gay dresses, the songs with which we filled the intervals, the table so loaded with dainties, and the friends about it who came into the sunshine of that pleasant home with wishes for us all of a "Happy New Year."

Just at nightfall a group of young men entered, and among them Dr. Richard L., a particular friend of the C.'s, a young man of whom I knew very little beyond the very evident fact that he was handsome, intelligent, and wonderfully popular. He had been looked for all day, and now that he had come every one was all attention when his cheery voice was heard.

"You are as welcome as flowers in May," said Martha C., extending her hand with an old friend's greeting, "but how could you stay away so long?"

"So that the best should come last," he said gayly. "I think I'll crown my New-Year wishes with one for your health and happiness, Miss Martha."

"Not till you have pledged me in this," she answered, turning as she spoke to a decanter, that until then I had not seen among the flowers on the table, to fill a delicate bubble of glass to the brim with wine.

"Thank you, Miss Martha. Will you excuse me if I say that I have been out all day and have not come to that yet?"

There was something in his tone, some self-assertion in his manner, that seemed to rouse in Martha a desire to show the influence she had over this young man. Her little hand was still holding the glass toward him.

"Ah, indeed! then you are all the more ready to take it now, Richard."

"What if he never takes wine?" suggested a friend who stood by watching the young man in what he thought, and rightly too, was a dilemma.

"Oh, that's nothing," said Martha lightly. "You will take it for me. Just this once, Richard."

I shuddered at her persistency, for a thought of the serpent that might lie coiled within that cup flashed upon me. She was near enough to put my hand on hers. Would she bear a check from me? I thought she would, but while I stopped to parley with the doubt of it, and to balance friendship and duty, the time for action passed.

"Just this once," echoed Richard, flushing as he took the glass without a smile from her hand. "Here's wishing you many happy returns of the day."

I turned away chilled with disappointment over his lack of courage, and pained too with that question of my own duty in the case. But after-events that hinged on that night's doings have forever settled all such doubts for me.

A little over two years after this I sat, one summer day, by a friend's open window. We were talking of this and that as we bent over our sewing together, when a loud knocking across the street aroused us both. We saw a man standing at a door whereon a doctor's sign was conspicuously displayed.

"He need not wait there," said Alice gravely. "Doctor L. ought to put up a notice, 'No patients wanted here.' He has been lying there dead drunk for hours. My husband says he has been in that disgusting condition for two days, only waking to get more liquor, which he keeps on a stand by him. The poor fellow seems bent on killing himself."

"It is not possible," I exclaimed, "that this Dr. L. is Martha C.'s old friend?"

"The very same," said Alice.

"But," said I, still unwilling to believe it, "I heard it said that he never takes wine, at least, but seldom," for then the memory of his words, "Just this once," came back to me as they sounded that night.

"I cannot say how that is," said Alice. "I only know that two years ago last New-Year's night he was carried home drunk for the first time in his life. He has been going down, down ever since, has been turned out of home and church, and any day we may hear of a coroner's inquest over a man found dead in that office."

So I had seen one drunkard made. That glass I saw Richard L. put to his lips was said to be his first, and it ruined him. In sight of that closed door, and remembering the poor, debased victim inside, I resolved, God helping me, never again to stand by while the tempter snared another soul, even though the hand and voice of a friend were enlisted in his unholy service."—*Christian Weekly.*

ALCOHOL AS A MEDICINE.

BY MRS. IRA A. EASTMAN.

That alcohol is largely used as a medicine is an undisputed fact, and the question which occupies the attention of the public is whether the benefit derived will overbalance the evil arising from its use. Will not an appetite for it be formed while using it as a strengthening cordial, or as a preventive of disease? Let me mention a few instances which have come under my personal observation.

A young man of great promise became ill. When convalescent he was strangely weak and feeble, and the physician ordered whiskey. He had never tasted it, and at first even the smell sickened him; but in a little time he learned to count the hours and look forward with great impatience for the time when he could again taste the fiery fluid. He left his sick-room strong and well, but a slave to his appetite for whiskey. The habit thus formed never left him, and his dissolute course soon weakened his intellect and wrought upon his brain in such a manner that to-day he is the inmate of an asylum in Vermont, "incurably insane, from the excessive use of alcohol."

A young mother held her infant son in her arms, and gazed upon the waxen features with tender, loving eyes. He was a feeble child, whose little life had thus far been made up of pain and weakness. As an experiment the doctor ordered brandy in small doses to be administered to him. The mother was a woman who believed in total abstinence; yet this was her only son. She gave him the brandy, and daily bathed the little limbs in the same. The child revived somewhat, yet still was very feeble, and the potations were increased until each day he partook of an incredible amount. He grew to love it. He would cry for it. The smell of an uncorked bottle, even, would almost drive him frantic. Alarmed at his extreme fondness for the poison, the mother withheld it from him. But he drooped like a flower deprived of sunshine; and she still held to his lips the cup which was to bring sorrow into her own life, and shame and woe to her son. As he grew older and stronger, she gradually reduced the portion, and finally withheld it entirely. The doctor assured her that brandy had saved the life of the child, who now grew and waxed strong and well. But did his fatal appetite diminish as strength increased? Nay. He is a confirmed drunkard, degraded and wretched. The gentle mother whose hand had unwittingly guided him upon the broad road of temptation, worn out by anxiety and sorrow, has laid down the burden of life, and the weary heart and brain are at rest. Yet even this blow did not arrest his downward career. Was the saving of his life worth the loss of his soul?

Is alcohol really a preventive of disease? A few years ago, when the diphtheria first appeared to startle the community by sometimes striking down with its relentless hand whole families, it made its appearance in a little country town in New Hampshire. One by one the neighborhood succumbed to its dreadful power, until there were hardly enough well ones to attend the sick and dead. Three lay dead in one house, and two of the neighbors were called to assist in preparing for the funeral. Before entering the room to take the measures for the coffins, one of them took a copious draught of whiskey, remarking that he "was not going to take the disease as long as whiskey would prevent it." He offered the bottle to his companion, who refused to drink, saying that he "didn't believe liquor would hinder it any." They rendered the necessary assistance and departed. Ten days afterward the man who had taken whiskey as a preventive of diphtheria died with the disease, and his companion, although he did not refrain from going amongst it whenever he could be of use, did not have it at all. I know a lady, a well born, well educated, high-principled woman, whose life is one great struggle. And why? The diphtheria was raging with unusual violence, and as her health was naturally delicate, the doctor ordered brandy as a preventive. It did not prevent it. She was ill for a long time, and was constantly supplied with alcoholic stimulants. She arose from her sick bed with a frame weakened by disease, and an appetite for brandy that is destined to render the remainder of her life a curse. The sight, the smell, the thought even of liquor, will send the blood hissing like a torrent of lava fire through all her veins. And yet her physician was a conscientious Christian.

I ask again, Does it pay to save life at the expense of the soul?—*The Watchman.*

REFORMED MEN.

(*Correspondent National Temperance Advocate.*)

The question is constantly asked me by letter and otherwise, "How is it to-day with the men converted from their cups last winter through the 'Gospel Temperance movement'? Do they still hold out?" To this question I might reply: It is with such men in Boston as it is with the same class in those cities where a similar work has been carried on. But this, you will say, is rather evading the question. Well, to be frank, it is with such men as any one who understands human nature—its weaknesses—and the nature of God's grace, and who is not carried away by a sentiment, would expect. With temptations tracking the steps of reformed inebriates on every hand, facilities pressing them on all sides, and drinking companions ready to drag them into the numerous bar-rooms, it is not to be wondered at that so many have fallen and gone back to their cups.

The record of some of those who a few months ago boasted that "God had taken away their appetite for strong drink, that they were now delivered from the slavery of rum, and a liquor-shop or a glass of rum was no temptation to them," are among the saddest chapters of the history of that movement.

Painful indeed are the experiences of some of the pastors in dealing with some of these men who joined our churches. Some of them, of whom great things were expected, have sunk lower than before; and while we still pray for them, and still keep friends laboring with them and for them, we are more than ever in earnest in our efforts to secure the entire prohibition of the liquor-traffic, and the removal of temptation from the way of reformed men.

Gospel temperance is a good thing; it is as good as it is old—for it is no new thing. It has done great good; yea, an incalculable amount of good it has accomplished during the last half-century. Apart from the many it has reclaimed and saved, and the multitude it has prevented from sharing the drunkard's fate, it has collected and promulgated facts, inculcated doctrines, which have to a great extent weakened or changed the public delusions about the nature and use of intoxicating drinks, and wrought a perfect revolution in the customs and habits of society. But all must admit that this gospel of moral suasion has its limits. It will neither preserve the child from danger nor the vicious from crime.

We entreat those laborers in this field of temperance, therefore, while they are prosecuting the work with the greatest energy, to remember that there are other fields of temperance work which, if they cannot enter, not to prevent others from entering, nor find fault with those who have been long laboring there. There is work for all.

Boston, October, 1877.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR HABITS.

Horace B. Claflin, a prominent merchant of New York, is as quaint and humorous as he is keen-witted and rich. They tell the following good story about him:

On the 15th of February, about 5 o'clock, Claflin was sitting alone in his private office, when a young man, pale and care-worn, timidly knocked and entered. "Mr. Claflin," said he, "I have been unable to meet certain payments because certain parties have not done as they agreed by me, and I would like to have $10,000. I came to you because you were a friend to my father, and might be a friend to me."

"Come in," said Claflin, "come in and have a glass of wine" "No," said the young man, "I don't drink." "Have a cigar, then?" "No—never smoke." "Well," said the joker, "I would like to accommodate you, but I don't think I can." "Very well," said the young man as he was about to leave the room, "I thought perhaps you might. Good day, sir." "Hold on," said Mr. Claflin; "you don't drink?" "No." "Nor smoke, nor gamble, nor anything of the kind?" "No sir! I am superintendent of the——Sunday-school."

"Well," said Claflin, with tears in his voice, and his eyes too, "you shall have it, and three times the amount, if you wish. Your father let me have $500 once, and asked me the same questions. No thanks—I owe it to you for your father's trust."—*Comrade.*

ANOTHER LIMITED TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—An organization is in process of formation in Chicago which will direct its energies to the suppression of the sale of intoxicating liquors to minors and drunkards. The movement is supported by men who are in the habit themselves of drinking moderately and immoderately. While unwilling to forego their habitual stimulant, they are anxious that their children shall not contract the ruinous habit. In a discussion before the Ministers' Association on Monday last, the fact came out that concerns are running in this city, the only apparent object of which is to make drunkards of the boys. Liquor, and a lunch so liberal as to preclude the idea of profit, are furnished for five cents. A month or six weeks of daily drinking establishes the habit, after which time the young drunkard becomes a profitable customer of the saloons. In other factories the bait is fine instrumental and vocal music, to which the young man is entitled by buying a drink of liquor. In others, still, the "pretty waiter girl" is the attraction. The money made out of the business comes from young men after they have contracted the habit, and before they have become gutter drunkards. The time that elapses between the time when the youth is drawn into the saloon and the time when he is to be kicked out as no longer profitable is not very long. Hence it requires a constant and large supply of fresh material. The most stolid adult drinker does not wish to furnish his children to this mill of death.—*Interior.*

BIBLE AND BEER.—In a recent sermon by Rev. F. W. Harper, M. A., Canon of York, preached on Corporation Sunday from the text, "For the Son of Man came eating and drinking," there occurs this remarkable passage in defence of beer: "The spirit and the body were the Lord's, and the Bible and beer, taken rightly, were the Lord's too. The beer would not do without the Bible, and the Bible would not do fully and perfectly without the beer." In this country, though a small minority of ministers may still cling to the habit of drinking beer, few, if any, would, we presume, be willing to take the responsibility of preaching thus in its defence. It is a strange gospel indeed that the Bible will "not do fully and perfectly without beer!" Quite as remarkable a feature of the sermon was an appeal to publicans and liquor-sellers to "give public permission to the clergy of their several parishes to go as welcome visitors to their premises and to the entertainment of their smoke-rooms, and an appeal also to the clergy to accept the invitation, and 'to make themselves at home there.'" (!) *National Temperance Advocate.*

INFLUENCE OF GAS-LIGHT UPON THE EYES.

The verdict of a scientific deputation for medical purposes has been presented to the Prussian Minister of Education. *Lithographia* extracts the following, which refers to living and study rooms, but is equally applicable to printing offices, factories, etc.:

"According to the previous experience of oculists no injurious effects of gas-light upon the eyes of pupils has been observed, when it has been used properly, and especially where arrangements are present to protect the eyes from the direct influence of the bright flame. In general, shades and globes serve for this purpose. The dark, totally opaque in shades are, however, very injurious. All complaints against the use of gas-light are referable almost universally to these improper contrivances. With these, the eye stays in total darkness, but looks upon a brightly illuminated surface, so that a dazzling and over-irritation or super-excitement of the eye result, with all their attendant injurious results. Very suitable are the globes of milk glass, which diffuse the light more, and the eye is not injuriously affected. Experience shows that more heat is generated by gas-light, hence the gas flames must not be brought too near the head, because the radiant heat which it sends out might cause headache and congestion of the brain. Where several persons are using the same flame, the source of light has to be higher up, so that the unpleasant effect of the radiant heat disappears, especially if the so-called "plate" illumination is used, which consists of a large, funnel-shaped globe of milk glass, closed beneath by a plate, whereby the descending rays suffer a proper diffusion and loss of intensity, and at the same time the flickering of the flame by breaths of air is avoided, and a more steady and quiet source of light is secured. Under special circumstances where the eyes are particularly sensitive, chimneys of a blackish blue color may be employed. Under such precautions an injurious effect of gas-light upon the eyes is not to be feared in the least."

A PLEA FOR CLEAN AIR.

There is unmistakable evidence that too many of our school teachers know little more of hygiene than the pupils whom they essay to teach, for in the winter season especially, with closed doors, closed windows, and hot fires, they compel study in an atmosphere the effects of which are to benumb the brain, and develop in the system those contagious diseases that are the bane of childhood. It is thoughtless and cruel to place our little ones in such jeopardy, and this truth should be pressed on the attention of officials until some thorough and practical mode of ventilation shall be introduced into every school-house in the land. That the atmospheric condition of textile manufactories, is highly prejudicial to health is painfully evident from the pale faces of the operatives, who not only pass the day in a poisonous air, but at night crowd by the half-score into unventilated dormitories, from which they emerge at daybreak listless and enervated. In view of these facts, it is no marvel that they fall an easy prey to the more complicated diseases, and die prematurely, but rather miraculous that the brittle thread of life will bear so great a tension ere it snaps forever.

What is true of textile manufactories is in some degree true of all others, and as ignorant and crochety overseers often refuse the opening of windows, manufacturers should be neither too stupid nor too mercenary to supply some means of ventilation which shall be constant, and not subject to individual caprice, thus ameliorating the condition of a class who may not realize the extent of the injury they sustain, a class upon whose untiring industry our national prosperity largely depends.

There is no computing the injury sustained in our houses, even, by the inhalation of filthy air, and just here rests the responsibility of errors committed elsewhere; for if correct views concerning the requirements of health are impressed on the minds of childhood and youth, they will be manifest in the practices of matured years. A large number of our housewives who scorn the imputation of untidiness, are perfectly content in any atmosphere laden with filth, and through fear of faded carpets and disarranged curtains, the pure air of heaven never has free course through their lodging rooms, the prevailing odor of which is nauseating in the extreme. Away with carpets and curtains, if they are to be instrumental in imprisoning the seeds of scrotula and death; much to be preferred are bare floors, glaring sunlight and health, to luxury and invalidism. That thousands of women with their children, are enduring a species of self-imposed invalidism, by carefully guarding every avenue by which pure air might enter their dwellings, is true beyond peradventure.

Physicians, who know too well the disastrous effects of impure air, should not only advise, but insist on thorough ventilation in the sick-room, and see that it is administered in a manner which shall be productive of the very best results. No doubt hundreds die unnecessarily, who might recover, did not some careful Martha sedulously bar out that life-sustaining element without which all medical skill is unavailing. Few people seem to realize how rapidly air becomes vitiated in our modern houses, with their plastered walls, close fitting sashes, etc., or that each individual contaminates three hundred cubic feet of air per minute. Could impurities floating in the air of unventilated rooms be perceived by sight, those who manifest so much contempt at the bare mention of ventilation would grow pale with alarm.

If the mothers of to-day desire to raise stalwart sons and blooming daughters, they must discard the hot-house system, which is so universal, and supply their children clean air without stint. When they begin to appreciate pure air as one of God's best gifts to man, and shape their habits accordingly, half the disease—the legitimate result of an impure respiratory medium—will be wiped out, and instead of sickly, puny offspring, which is now the rule, we shall see what the Creator intended, bright, fresh and rosy children. Look to this, mothers, and while you gratify your asthetic nature, making home lovely, let it never be at the expense of health, for not only the welfare of your immediate family, but a nation's weal, depends on your behest.—*The Household.*

DANGERS IN NEW HOUSES.

We have before us a statement, that to build a medium-sized three-story brick house 20,000 gallons of water are required to prepare the mortar alone. Think of the immense quantity of moisture that must fill the walls and pervade every part of the buiding! How many weeks, with furnace fires burning constantly, it must require before such a structure can become dry and thoroughly ventilated, so that it can be a safe abode. All the bricks as well as the mortar are full of moisture, aside from the sap which is often retained in the timbers.

But there are other dangers to be guarded against in new houses, and therefore it is of the greatest importance that those who are preparing to build should, before anything is begun, take great pains to be well informed about the work, and especially such parts of it as can have any possible effect on the health. Every step that belongs to the sewage, the tanks, waste pipes, gas pipes, etc., should be thoroughly supervised.

Vermin of all kinds are very willing to move in with the first occupants of a new house; and rats and mice begin to build their homes without asking leave. Carbolic powder or red pepper, or both, put in with the first coat of mortar, will do much toward keeping these nuisances at a respectful distance. Cloths or paper rolled in powdered red pepper, and some filled with potash, will give a warmer salutation than they will find agreeable. If used plentifully in any spot where these agents can be employed, and if, after a mistress is established in the house, a suitable degree of watchfulness is maintained, we do not think there is danger of molestation from these disagreeable intruders. But the carpenters, bricklayers and plumbers must be responsible for the first and most important step—namely, combining these safeguards with the mortar and plaster. —*Mrs. Beecher, in Christian Union.*

PROPER CLOTHING.

There is scarcely any reader of the *Bazar* who will admit that she is not properly clothed and in her right mind, though she may be found in zero weather with no thicker appareling than she wore during the cool days of fall and summer; and at the same time she will perhaps boast that she has never given in to wearing flannel under-clothing, and that cotton stockings answer her purpose year in and year out. She may, however, wear the finest of laces and the costliest silks, and yet, without her outfit of under-flannels for the winter, the early fall, and the changeable spring of our climate, we shall deny that she has proper clothing. We are aware that our women dress more warmly than their ancestors of fifty years ago, and that there has been a marked improvement in this respect, yet the reform has not perfected itself. We are told that our grandmothers lived to a riper old age and enjoyed more robust health than the present generation, though they did not swathe themselves with layers of wool, like a mummy, and were unacquainted with certain garments that we consider indispensable. But perhaps if our progenitors had adopted the custom of wearing more and warmer clothing, their posterity would have inherited as tough constitutions and as firm health. In this day no one is excusable who allows herself to go insufficiently clad while she has the means to provide raiment, even though she should be obliged to curtail her luxuries for the purpose, to forego certain fallals and superfluities. She is not only wronging herself and shortening her days by a scanty supply of clothing, but in weakening her own system by her folly she injures her child no less. There are certain foolish folks who object to additional underwear because it increases the size; who prefer to pass the season in a semi-congealed state, alternating with the fever of influenza, hugging the stove, and making a bugaboo of fresh air; who ignore the fact that a genial temperature of the surface of the body preserves an equal circulation, that keeping the extremities warm prevents the blood rushing to the head and discoloring the face, disturbing the natural shading of the rose-leaf cheek, and giving the nose a rubicund hue—that, in brief, to be warmly clad insures a longer lease of youth and beauty. Many of us who really believe in the regimen of proper clothing hesitate to make a change till the cold weather has fairly set in, when it is the early frosts which give the greatest shock to the system, following so soon after the summer's heat; and how few of us pay attention to the alternations of the summer weather enough to regulate our toilettes to correspond! We fancy that it is scarcely worth while to vary our attire on account of a sea-turn, when to-morrow will make amends for to-day's chill. We think we are growing tough, when we are in reality catching cold. There are few things in which people imagine they can economize so well as in under-clothing; every one must have her best suit, her Sunday bonnet, and her much-buttoned gloves—society demands it of her; but who will know whether her under-wear is wool or cotton, of the poorest or of the best? And she is often foolish enough to postpone proper clothing till a more convenient season rather than resign a button from her gloves or a flower from her bonnet.—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE DANGERS OF ETHER.

FROM THE "LONDON DOCTOR."

It has always seemed to us the height of folly to declare that there could be no danger in any anæsthetic. The lesson taught by the late death from nitrous oxide has, it is to be hoped, been well learned, and we shall in future hear less of the absolute safety of any agent capable of depriving a person of all sensation. Some cases in which ether has been followed by alarming symptoms have lately been recorded. They have been termed syncope, but the word is not appropriate, as the heart continued to beat after respiration ceased. This is what should have been anticipated. When death is produced by ether the animal's heart continues to beat long after the arrest of respiration. The pulse is quickened by ether and maintains its force through a long stage of anæsthesia. In these facts lies the safety of ether. But it should never be forgotten that there is danger at a certain stage, and the danger is from the side of the respiration, which at length ceases. Sterterous breathing proceeds from paresis of the muscles of the palate, and should lead to the ether being suspended. So respiration growing more and more shallow and less frequent is a warning, and should not be overlooked. It is very rare that the heart fails—perhaps never. Pallor is rare, too, and should excite attention if it occur. But, we repeat, the danger of ether is from the side of respiration, that of chloroform from the heart; and this fact goes far to explain their relative safety. In chloroform narcosis the danger is much more sudden. Ether gives warning.

VERTICAL JETS AT NIAGARA.—While Mr. W. H. Barlow, F. R. S., was in this country as one of the English judges at the Centennial Exhibition, he visited Niagara and noticed the vertical jets or puffs of water and mist which rise from the base of the fall at Niagara, and sometimes lift themselves as high as the edge of the fall itself. He noticed also that the windows of his hotel (the Clifton House) shook, and not with a steady tremor, but with impulses that varied in time and degree. These impulses were evidently atmospheric, for they were not perceptible in the ground. He refers all these phenomena to one cause. As the water passes the crest of the fall it carries down large quantities of air, and it is inevitable that masses of air should sometime be so enclosed by heavy sheets of water that upon reaching the bottom of air would act like a stationary piston with a movable cylinder pressing down upon it. It would be strongly compressed, until finally, by the work stored up in it, the steadily weakening sheet of water would be broken through. An explosion would occur which would in all respects resemble the explosion of any fulminate under water. Water itself would be carried up, a jet being formed that would rise to a height proportioned to the force used. Mr. Barlow observed them to be of a "pine-tree" shape—that is, pointed at the top and widening downward—and says they "were not formed of a compact mass of water, but had that appearance which is seen in large fountains, of being composed of lumps of water of various sizes, decreasing in the lower part, until they were lost in the general mist which surrounded the lower part of the falls." These observations are no doubt applicable to all voluminous waterfalls.—*Galaxy.*

HOW TO MAKE HOMES HEALTHY.—Most cases of infectious diseases have, in addition to the common epidemic influence, a direct exciting cause. This will be found, when contagion is excluded, to be poisonous emanations of some kind in the house, or on the premises, or in the drinking water; in cities generally sewer gas. Dr. Chapman, of Brooklyn, has settled on the following plan as a sure relief from sewer gas; The soil pipe running from the cellar passes through the house and opens into the kitchen flue at the top story. The pipe should be four inches in diameter. It will be freely ventilated by the draft of the flue. Into this soil pipe or ventilator, the waterclosets and basins on the different floors empty through traps. The water from the upper closet, running past the opening of the lower closet, would be apt to suck its trap dry, and to prevent this a separate ventilating pipe is run from the traps of the lower closet to a point in the ventilator above the upper closet. In this manner all foul gases at once pass upwards and empty at the top of the house. In several houses where malarial disease had been frequent, since the introduction of this plan the residents have been free from all disease due to blood-poisoning.—*Scientific American.*

NO BONES IN THE OCEAN.—Mr. Jeffery has established the fact that bones disappear in ocean. By dredging, it is common to bring up teeth, but rarely ever a bone of any kind; these, however compact, dissolve if exposed to the action of the water but a little time. On the contrary, teeth—which are not bones any more than whales are fish—resist the destroying action of sea-water indefinitely. It is, therefore, a powerful solvent. Still, the popular opinion is that it is a brine. If such were the case, the bottom of all seas would, long ago have been shallowed by immense accumulation of carcasses and products of the vegetable kingdom, constantly floating into them. Dentine, the peculiar material of which teeth are formed, and the enamel covering them, offer extraordinary resistance to these chemical agencies, which resolve other animal remains into nothingness. Mounds in the West, tumuli in Europe and Asia, which are believed to antedate sacred history for thousands of years, yield up perfectly sound teeth, on which time appears to have made no impression whatever.—*Harper's Magazine.*

TELEPHONES IN MINES.—The scientific editor of the *Galaxy* says of these instruments:—It has been proposed to introduce them into mines, which, singularly enough, considering the great age of mining as an industry, remain to this day without the means of direct communication with the surface. All demands of the men below are communicated to the top by means of bells, of which a very limited series of signals are in use. But the projected introduction of the telephone is not very promising. Electrical signals have never been found safe, and only two or three months ago a man was killed because an electrical bell sounded of its own accord the signal to hoist. The engineer obeyed, and a man who stood in the way of the car was crushed to death. Electrical signals are not in favor with mining men, and they have constantly proved themselves untrustworthy. The telephone may be a convenient adjunct to ordinary mining signals, but it should not be allowed a post of confidence.

NATURE'S PHARMACY.—It is said to be quite common among French physicians to administer their doses to fanciful or refractory patients by first giving them to a cow and then feeding the cow's milk to the patient. Experiments were lately made upon a goat. Half a gramme, or about seven grains, of iodide of potassium was mixed with her food daily for eight days, and butter prepared from her milk was found to contain a good deal of iodine. Even its progeny was thoroughly iodized.

— Dr. Richardson, lecturing at Shereditch Town-hall on life and health, said that some persons imagined life might be extended to 120 years, but he thought that it might fairly extend to 90 years. All diseases arose from external causes acting on the body, which were reducible to seven great classes. The rates of mortality were different in different classes and occupations, and from the tables compiled by the Registrar-General it appeared that barristers live longer than any other class, and after them come clergymen, and next to them Dissenting ministers, and that amongst those lowest on the list are drapers, Roman Catholic clergy, doctors, hatters, hairdressers; and that lowest of all are coachmen (not domestic) and cabmen.

RAG AND TAG.

BY MRS. EDMUND WHITTAKER,

(Author of "Hilda and Hildebrand," "The Return from India," "Little Nellie," &c.)

"All right, Tag, eat away. 'Ere we are agin. I took my own a'vice, and 'tempter' is there," jerking her head in the direction of where it lay in its usual prominent position.

"Well, you are a——" But what she was Rag never heard, for Tag's mouth was too full to express himself properly.

"Now let's half the loaf, and what we can't eat, stow away. I'll only eat that there," and Rag broke off a rather small piece, "for I do want so bad a piece of yer beautiful stuff there, and I'll soon be having no room for it."

"Well, 'ere's a bit for you," and Tag broke it in half; "but take my a'vice this time—stow it away, after you've taken a real small bit, in that frock of yourn; we'll be wantin' somethin' to eat sooner than yer think for at this moment p'raps."

"Why?" and Rag opened her eyes wider than usual. "We can allers get somethin' off the board; it's only our soldgers as gets the worst if we've discivered."

"P'raps we mayn't allers 'ave a board 'afore us to prig off," remarked Tag, slowly and significantly.

Rag opened her eyes still wider, and stopped in the act of putting a morsel of the much-coveted plum-pudding into her mouth.

"Shut yer eyes, or they'll stick fast for ever, and be ever so uncomfor'able. I wonder why ye stare so when I say anythin' to-day."

"But, Tag, yer niver said anythin' like that afore. Is the 'dreadful 'ones' a-going to sell up, or what?"

"Rag, can you keep a secret?"

Rag's little thin lips screwed up so tight you could see no red line at all. The expression of her face said as plainly as words could, "Try me."

"Yes, you'll do. I'll tell you soon, but we must finish our work to-day first. Don't you wonder, though, how ever I got all that there?" pointing to the remains of the loaf and plum-pudding which they were each "stowing" away as best they could amongst their rags and tatters.

"I was too empty at first to ask; how was it?"

"Light up a piece more paper, just to warm us a bit, and I'll tell yer. You'll laugh when I tell yer. Just as I was agoin' down the street to the little shop at the end where broken vittals are sold—you 'member it?" Rag shook her head. "Yes, you knows it—but never mind. Well, as I was goin' along, I sees in front of me an old gen'elman—the same as you shot the old fig at. He was a reg'lar old soft 'un; I see'd it at once by the way he jumped when it came so nigh him, and I know'd it for sartin and sure when I see'd his fine silk hankircher a trailin' from his pocket!"

FAIRY LORE IN THE KITCHEN.

Rag began to laugh.

"Yer know it all now, don't yer?"

Rag nodded.

"No yer don't, then. What was it as I did?"

"Nipped it up, and pawned it! But, Tag, you should a' got more——"

"Yer wrong, Rag, werry wrong. I wor wirtuos; it pays best, Rag. I nipped it from his pocket werry, werry quick, and runnin' in front, I pulled my hair werry 'ard—like this, only I can't get much hold on it. So I purtended, and I said—'Please, sir, look 'ere.' Oh! didn't he grabble his hankircher quick, and off he went; and I thought as I'd niver be wirtuos no more. But all of a sudden he stopt. I ran alongside—to keep him in mind like. 'Boy—yer a good boy. Are you 'ungry?' 'Starvin', sir.' 'Poor boy,' says he; 'come in here.' So he takes me into the little shop, gives me a loaf and the plum-puddin,' and—look, Rag—this 'ere besides."

Rag bent forward her head eagerly, and there in the palm of Tag's hand lay what she had never seen in her life before—a large, round, shining half-crown. At first she could not speak; then with a long-drawn breath she exclaimed, "Tag, Tag, there's shillin's and shillin's and shillin's in that, and we are rich for ever—ain't we?"

"Rag, in all this large round thing there's only two shillin's an' a'alf," said Tag, rather sadly.

Rag's face fell. "Then I'd rather have the two shillin's and the 'alf; for we can't cut that in two, and the other way I could a' had a shillin' and you a shillin,' and the 'alf of the 'alf atween us."

"But we'll do that yet, Rag. I allus meant to share it. We goes shares in ev'rythin.' We have no 'un to care for us but ourselves, Rag. We must stick to each other, mustn't we, Rag?"

"Rather!" said Rag, putting her little hand in his.

"Any 'errings to-day for sale?" called a shrill voice from the pavement into the cellar. "Stir about, and don't keep a body waiting all day."

"Comin' mum, comin'," screamed out Tag and Rag together, as they bustled up with their board; and now commenced business in earnest. The "tempter" with six other herrings were bought and paid for by the owner of the shrill voice. The old pair of "gim-cracky" shoes went next, for twopence-halfpenny; all the figs for a penny; half the apples for twopence. What was Tag about, letting things go at this price, when they ought to have got "'eaps and 'eaps more money?" Thus thought Rag to herself, but she obediently went on following the nods and winks of approbation or disapproval which she received from Tag. Such a sale of their goods they had never had before; for quickness and cheapness it was unrivalled. Tag seemed quite like a new creature; he kept urging the buyers to take this lot in the "'eap just as it stood."

Also "that lot over there, and he would throw in these birdcages down here." So excited did he get, that crawling on to the board himself, there he sat tailor-fashion, exclaiming, "Now's yer time, ladies and gen'elmens—make 'ay whilst the sun shines. Lots o' people want our goods, but we wants you to get first chice. 'Ere you are, mum: this little tay-pot is the werry thin' as you wor fixin' yer eyes on. Sixpence was the price—threepence you shall 'ave it for. Take it 'ome, mum—it's a real good 'un, and no cheat. The money to the missis, mum—at this moment I'm hengaged," and on he went rattling away, and getting rid of the "old rubbage" until the board was almost cleared.

"Tag, Tag," whispered Rag, "are you quite well? What are you a-thinking of! What ever will the 'dreadful ones' say? I'm getting so afeard, Tag, so afeard; 'member soldgers—I can feel 'em a'ready."

"Let us alone, Rag; you stick to me and I'll stick to you; that's our bargain, ain't it?"

"Yes, in course—I'll stick; but oh! Rag, I'm shakin' with fright. What will they say when they gets 'ome! and it won't be so long now."

"Leave it to me, it's all right—don't be afeard. I'll tell you somethin' soon;" then in a loud voice, "'Tend to your dooty, missis; there's a party over there as is a-wantin' somethin.' Now what are yer arter, sir, a-rummagin' like that amongst our things?"

"Not much to rummage about, my lad; you have made a pretty clean sweep of it to-night. I was only looking about to see if by any chance I could light on an orange or two for my little girl who is very ill." He was a poor-looking man who spoke, but clean, and with a very severe face and voice.

"We bain't got one left, sir, and they wor sourish and green-looking the two that is gone, and not very well suited for a ill lill' gel; but I could get two for you werry quick, if you re'lly wants them—I knows where I can get 'em."

"Thank you; now don't disappoint me; see here is twopence—you'll go quicker than I can; as I can't stay, will you bring 'em to me to my house; I can point out where I live—as far down the street as you can see, on the side opposite to you, then take the first turn down on the same side, 'twill bring you into a little passage opening into a small court: the second door on your left, a green one, with 3 painted in white on it, is where I live Can you remember? for I should be sorry for my little girl not to get her oranges. I can trust you, can't I?" and he looked gravely into Rag's face.

"I'll 'member, sir, I won't 'spint your little gel no ways; off I goes, and soon I comes back," replied the child eagerly.

"Thank you — stay, keep one penny for yourself," and away the man walked before Rag could thank him.

"What ever made you say as you'd go and get the oranges, Rag; they'll be coming back soon, and if you're not here then, what am I to do?"

"I won't be a minit, Tag; the oranges are only a few stalls off behind us. I'll get 'em and be back afore you can count the clock strikin' six," and away ran Rag; but she was disappointed; no oranges were to be seen—they had all been sold, and she had to turn down one street and up another and half across a third before she could find any; but at last she did discover them, and having bought two, and wrapped them up in an old cabbage leaf, which the woman at the stall provided her with, she ran back as fast as she could. Hardly had she got to the turning leading to her street when she saw the "dreadful ones" in front of her, both bending under the weight of a large bag they were carrying on their backs, filled with the "odds and ends" and "old rubbage" they had picked up that day, and which would be displayed for sale on the morrow.

For a moment she stood quite still; she dared not pass them; to be away from her post was a crime which nothing but the poor "soldgers" aching half the night could atone for. One glimmer of hope, and one alone, was still left to little Rag: if they would only stop, as she felt sure they generally did, at the ugly, dirty little shop at the corner, where gin and other

THE FAIRIES.

spirits were sold, there would then be a chance for her to run home and escape their quick eyes.

How Rag's heart beat as she leant against the wall watching them; scarcely a soul was passing just then but herself and the two she so much feared, so that if they did look around there was no possibility of her hiding herself behind, any one, and detection would be inevitable.

On they went bending beneath their loads; and the sound of their gruff voices was borne indistinctly to her eager ears on the cold frosty evening air—tramp, tramp she heard them going down the street, and every tramp as it got further off struck coldly on the poor child's heart. "If they would but go in to the little shop at the corner—oh, if they only would! Never mind how cross it makes them, so that I may have time to get back to Tag—and I promised him I'd be ever so quick," thought Rag, when to her intense joy and relief the door of the shop with the large blue lamp hanging over it swung open—and in the two—no, only one—went.

Rag shaded her eyes with her cold hand to get a clearer view through the misty night air, and saw that one of them had slipped the heavy bag off his back, placed it against the wall, evidently in charge of the other, and had gone in. "Now or never!" she thought. "I must cross the street and creep along by the other side and then make a rush for it; if only it's the 'dreadfulest' one as has gon'd in the betterer for me." More stealthily than any cat did the child creep along, and had nearly passed the corner where the man stood waiting for his companion moving impatiently on the chilly pavement, when all of a sudden the door swung open again, letting a full stream of light from within fall upon the opposite side of the dusky street, lighting up the figure of poor little Rag as she crept softly by.

In one moment those lynx eyes which nothing escaped fell upon her. "No use, Rag," he called out, in a hoarse voice. "You can't pass by me in that fashion without my making enquiries. Where 'ave you been? What 'ave yer been doing? And where are you going? It's against laws, you know as it is, to be away from your post; come here at once and show me what you've been prigging."

"I ain't a-been priggin.' I was sent by a cust'mer for these two oranges. We've been and sold ev'rythin' a'most, and I had to go and fetch these for him, as he 'adn't time."

"Stop! No more palaver—hand 'em over to me, and off you goes home. See here," and he stooped down a little; "into my bag with them, and off you go home—run. I can tell you it's a lucky job for you it's me and not the 'dreadfulest' who caught you."

"Please, Mr. Dreadful"—and Rag went close up to him, emboldened by his less gruff manner than usual—"them two oranges is paid for; they're prom-'sed to a sick little gel, at number 3 down ——"

"What do I care for sick little gels or sick little boys either," impatiently interrupted the man; "get back at once and have some supper ready, or you'll catch it—d'ye hear me?—Go," and he lifted his huge hand. Rag needed no further bidding, but flew like an arrow from a bow, and was soon down in the cellar beside Tag, who immediately began to upbraid her for her long absence.

"You've spilte all, Rag, and we shall catch it, we shall, for they'll be here, 'rectly, now. I *am* 'spinted," and the tears stood in his eyes. Although it was too dark for Rag to see, she felt by the tremble in his voice how much the boy was disappointed, and putting her little hand in his, she pressed it fondly. "It worn't my fault, Tag; 'deed it worn't," and then she told him of her difficulty in finding the oranges, and of her meeting the "dreadful one."

(To be Continued.)

FAIRY LORE IN THE KITCHEN.

Our readers are directed to the Family Circle on the seventh page of the MESSENGER for the explanation of the engravings on this and preceding page.

The Family Circle.

HOW MAMMA PLAYS.

Just the sweetest thing that the children do
Is to play with mamma a-playing too;
And "Baby is Lost," they think is the best,
For mamma plays that with a merry zest.

"*My baby lost!*" up and down mamma goes,
A peering about and following her nose;
Inside the papers, and under the books,
And all in between the covers she looks,
"*Baby! baby!*" calling.
But though in her way is papa's tall hat,
She never once thinks to look under that.

She listens, she stops, she hears there a laugh,
And around she flies, the faster by half,
"*Why where can he be!*" and she opens the clock,
She tumbles her basket, she shakes papa's sock,
"*Baby! baby!*" calling.
While the children all smile at papa's tall hat,
Though none of them go and look under that.

A sweet coo calls. Mamma darts everywhere,
She feels in her pockets to see if he's there,
In every vase on the mantel shelf,
She searches sharp for the little elf,
"*Baby! baby!*" calling.
Another coo comes from papa's tall hat,
Yet none of them stir an inch toward that.

Somewhere he certainly must be, she knows,
So up to the china cupboard she goes;
The cover she lifts from the sugar-bowls,
The sweet, white lump she rattles and rolls,
"*Baby! baby!*" calling.
But though there's a stir near papa's tall hat,
They will not so much as look toward that.

She moves the dishes, but baby is not
In the cream-pitcher nor in the teapot;
And she wrings her hands and stamps on the floor,
She shakes the rugs, and she opens the door,
"*Baby! baby!*" calling.
They stand with their backs to papa's tall hat,
Though the sweetest of murmurs come from that.

The children join in the funny distress,
Till mamma, all sudden, with swift caress,
Makes a pounce right down on the tall black hat,
And brings out the baby from under that,
"*Baby! baby!*" calling.
And this is the end of the little play,
The children would like to try every day.

—*Ella Farman, in Youth's Companion.*

DAISY DOWNS, THE FISHERMAN'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

BY SARAH D. PRICHARD.

Daisy never had felt so before. She didn't know what to do with her eyes, and all the blood in her little body seemed determined on getting up into her face.

She was travelling quite alone all the way from New York to Somewhere, down on Long Island.

Last year the Van Loons spent the summer at Somewhere, and Daisy had done what she could to make their stay pleasant, and now she was returning from a week's visit at the home of the Van Loons.

Daisy had just taken her first peep into the great world outside of the little fishing village where she had been born; and the little that she had seen must have overturned her ideas, for she was feeling dreadfully ashamed of Somewhere, and of everybody and everything in it.

Directly opposite Daisy sat a lady and three or four children. She knew they were from New York, for she had seen them arrive at the station in their own carriage. All day she had been trying to make a good impression on this family, and had succeeded; but now the train was drawing near home. Her father or her brother would be at the station to meet her, in fishing rig, of course, and, as likely as not, with a wheelbarrow to carry her trunk home on.

"I wish there wouldn't be a single soul there to meet me," thought Daisy, the blood mounting higher and higher as the signal of approach was given by the engine.

"What place is this?" asked one of the children sitting opposite, as she leaned across the aisle and addressed Daisy.

"I—believe—this is Somewhere," stammered poor Daisy, redder in the face than ever.

"Don't you know? I thought you said you lived here?"

"Yes—it is," said Daisy, with her face pressed close to the car-window, looking out to see who might be waiting for her on the platform.

"Then we get out at the next place, and sometime we're coming over to see you, in a boat or a carriage or some way," said the child. "It will be nice to see somebody down here that we've seen before, you know."

All this time Daisy had been watching the platform, but not a glimpse of father or brother was to be had up or down as far as she could see; so she left her seat, said, "I shall be very happy to see you; good-by," and passed out with a bow and a smile.

The instant she was gone two of the children rushed to her seat and looked to see the last of her.

Daisy went right past the little old man who "kept the depot" just as though the station master of Somewhere were to her an entire stranger.

"Daisy Downs!" said a man standing on the platform; but Daisy did not choose to hear—she wished to get out of sight on the farther side of the station building.

"Never mind, miss," said the man. "One thing I know, I ain't going to run round much after ye. If ye're not a-mind to speak to me, ye may get yer sea-chest to home the best way ye can, so good-night to ye." And off walked Captain Joe, propelling a hand-barrow that had been in the service of tarred seine oftener than in that of baggage.

"Nobody here to meet me!" thought Daisy the instant the train was away out of sight. "Too bad! When I've been gone a whole week, too! My, but I'm hungry; and now I've got to walk home, and carry my bag all the way! I wonder where father and Dave and Sam can be."

Daisy would have gone around and asked the station master if he had seen anybody from home, but, remembering how she had passed him by, she was ashamed to do it. Therefore, she went on her way, not knowing, certainly not for a moment thinking, that she should be compelled to walk all the distance to the ocean without meeting her father or one of her brothers.

It was nearly time for the sun's going down on a cool evening in mid-May that Daisy took her walk.

"It's awful down here," she thought, as she left the village street, and her feet began to sink in the sands leading down to the shore. "Such a miserable place to live in! New York is so much nicer. I wish my father wasn't just nothing but a fisherman. Folks don't think much of a fisherman in New York."

Daisy came to a low, wide cedar tree that somehow had dared to grow in the sand almost in the teeth of the waves. She thought she would put her bag down, it was so heavy. She put it down and herself after it on the clean sand. Just then a lonely robin flew across a stretch of sky, and lit upon a branch overhead, and began to pour forth its oft-repeated "Come, come, come!"

"I just wish somebody would come for me," thought Daisy. "It is real mean to treat me so, make me take this long walk home all alone, tired and hungry."

At that very instant a calico sunbonnet was showing itself, rising apparently out from the ocean, but in reality toiling up a great sand ridge that lay between. The sunbonnet was a token of Daisy's mother on the watch for her little daughter.

Daisy saw the signal and jumped up.

Daisy's mother, surprised to see her alone, hurried forward to greet the child.

"Mother," cried Daisy, "where is everybody?"

"Where is Captain Joe and your trunk?" returned Mrs. Downs; and then, before Daisy had time to say one word, her loving mother's arms had taken her into their keeping with a kiss and a hug, or a hug and a kiss, or both together—it didn't matter much which order they fell in—and then Mrs. Downs said:

"Daisy!"

"What is it, mother?" returned Daisy, smiling in spite of herself, for she knew perfectly well.

Mrs. Downs stood there under the old cedar, the robin yet uttering his lonely "Come, come!" in the boughs overhead, and looked at her little daughter, and said:

"Is this the Daisy Downs that went to New York only a few days ago—this little girl who has come back in such fine clothes to her plain little home?"

"Why not, mother? Mrs. Van Loon and Effie and Helen gave them to me."

"Very nice clothing for the Van Loons in New York, but not for Daisy Downs in her home by the ocean. Come, child," and Mrs. Downs picked up the bag.

Daisy said: "I thought you, mother, would like my new hat and parasol, and pretty dress."

"And so I should if you lived in the city, and your own father could buy them for you; but, Daisy, I am too proud to like them given to you."

"It's too bad!" said Daisy.

"Never mind, child, now. I have your supper all ready at home. Why did not Captain Joe come down with you?"

"I didn't know he was sent," said Daisy.

"Didn't he tell you so?"

"No," said Daisy; and then, feeling ashamed of herself, she said, "Mother, I did know that Captain Joe stood on the platform, and I heard him say, 'Daisy Downs;' but, mother, right there in the car were some rich folks from New York who had been talking to me, and I didn't want them to see me a-speaking to Captain Joe, for fear they'd think it was my own father."

"O, Daisy, ashamed of your father! I wish I had never let you go to New York."

"Where is father?" questioned Daisy, not knowing what else to ask at the moment.

"This is the first day they have taken the net out. He went early this morning, and took Sam and Dave with him, but last night he remembered your trunk and went all the way to Captain Joe to ask him to be there to meet you and fetch it home, so that you need not come down alone; but I got anxious and had to come up to the ridge and look out for you my own self."

Just then they came to the great billow of sand that had been heaped up years and years before, by the winds and the waves. Climbing over it they saw the ocean outrolled as far as the eye could reach. The long, cool southwest wind was coming in, and the breakers were surging up the sands.

Between the ridge and the sea could be seen four small brown houses. These houses were the homes of men used to endure the excitements and dangers of "bony-fishing."

"I don't see the 'Daisy' anywhere in sight," said Mrs. Downs. "I wish the boats would get in before dark."

"How small our house looks, mother!" was all that Daisy said.

"It is just as large as it was when you went away, child."

"I don't want to live here any longer. It isn't half as nice as it used to be," cried Daisy, going in at the open doorway of one of the four brown houses, and throwing herself into her mother's rocking-chair. "Just see how little and mean and miserable everything looks here; walls that ain't high enough to stand up in, little mites of windows, without curtains, and a rag-carpet."

"I worked hard, Daisy, to get the new carpet done before you got home, and I've been putting it down to-day on purpose to please you when you came. Take off your things and have your supper, for I want to go out and watch for your father before it gets dark. He has had a new mast put in the 'Daisy,' and he didn't know how it would bear the wind if it should blow hard."

"Oh, father always comes home safe," said Daisy, carelessly. "I wish he'd hurry and catch three millions of fish this summer, and then go up to the village, and build a new house."

"They won't give but a dollar a thousand for the fish at the mill this year, Daisy."

"Then I wouldn't fish for them."

"And if he didn't we should go hungry."

Daisy laughed. "I've been going hungry all day," she said, "and, mother, your bread is better than the bread in New York."

"I'm glad of that. Sit up here and eat this fish. Your father said you'd like it after being in the cars all day; and I cooked it the moment I heard the whistle of the train."

Daisy was eating her supper when, from one of the four brown houses, a woman looked up and down and out, far out, oceanward, and found nothing to reward her search.

Catching up from a wooden cradle a sleeping baby, she covered it with a shawl and ran across to the little house where Daisy Downs was eating her supper.

"Isn't it time, Mrs. Downs; they ought to be coming in?" she questioned, not regarding Daisy, who moved her chair out a little from the wing of the table, the better to display her fine dress.

"Yes, it is," returned Mrs. Downs, "but when you have been a fisherman's wife as many years as I have you will learn to wait."

"I can't wait! I must know where he is. I must!" cried the little soul, depositing her baby, scarcely three months old, on her lap and wringing her hands over it in a helpless way.

"Now I wouldn't cry, if I was you," said Daisy. "All the folks round here always come in safe, and the wind don't blow very hard to-night."

Mrs. Downs had been looking through the spy-glass, but had found nothing in sight that could mean the fishing boat. She felt uneasy always on the first day the boats went out after spring repairs, and her husband had promised not to go very far on the trial-trip with the new mast.

"Don't worry, Mrs. Rose!" she said simply, returning from the door and depositing the glass in its place.

"It's easy for you to say 'don't worry,' but I can't help it," said Mrs. Rose, catching up the baby and rushing out as though she meant to start directly on a trip into the sea.

"She's silly," said Daisy.

"Poor thing! I daresay I used to act just so when Dave was a baby," remarked Mrs. Downs. "Folks have to get used to waiting that live by the ocean, and she wasn't brought up to it."

"Which way did father go?" questioned Daisy, as she heard an ominous roar coming in with the breakers.

"To the eastward. About nine o'clock I saw the boats out, and then after that I was working to get the carpet down before you came, and when I looked again there wasn't one in sight."

Mrs. Rose with her baby went the round of the four brown houses, and just as it was growing dark returned to the Downs' cabin.

The night grew darker and darker. The wind came heavier out of the southwest, and the breakers dashed mightily on the sands, and not a fishing-boat had entered the little harbor between the village and the ocean.

Midnight came. There were lights in every one of the cottages and in every cottage window that faced the ocean, but no news from the men in the fishing boats.

Upstairs in her own room, thrown across her bed, lay Daisy Downs' new dress and hat and parasol.

Down on the sands with her mother, watching for father and Dave and Samuel, Daisy waited. Overhead the stars shone at midnight, but the ocean was throwing in on the shore great black uplifts of waves that made one shrink and tremble.

"Oh, mother!" cried Daisy, out of the roar and the tumult.

The cry of distress reached her mother. She clasped her child's hand and held it.

"I'm so sorry I felt ashamed of father and my home to-day," said poor Daisy. "Oh, if he comes back again I will never, never wish again that I wasn't a fisherman's daughter. I don't care another thing for my new clothes. I'll give them all if he'll only come, and I'll be so glad and happy to see the boys once more. They're a great deal nicer for my brothers than the Van Loons would be."

Mrs. Downs put her arm around Daisy and held her close and said: "I am thankful that this night has given me back my own little daughter again. Do you know, Daisy, that I was a great deal more ashamed of my child than she was of her own parents and home? God never makes mistakes. He puts us just where we belong, and you belong nowhere else in the whole world except in that little house up yonder where the light burns. Let us go up and see if there is any news from the harbor."

They went up; but the brown house told them no secret from the ocean.

At break of day the four households (from every one of which the husband and father had gone either in the "Daisy" or its attendant boats) stood a silent, watching group on the silver sands, and saw the boats come safely in.

"Father will be hungry!" cried Daisy Downs when she had seen with her own eyes that the "Daisy" was safe and sound. "Let's hurry home now and get breakfast."

Up from the harbor hurried the captain and his boys toward the little brown house.

"Well, wife, here I am," he said as soon as he could speak. "I was awful sorry to make you anxious, but what with the loads of fish and the new mast I was afraid to venture so far in the wind. Daisy, girl!" and his strong brown hands patted the warm cheeks of his daughter, while her arms clasped his neck. "I'm glad to see that New York hasn't stolen my daughter from me. I was half afraid when you came back you wouldn't care so much for things around here."

"Oh, father!" said Daisy, "there is only one home and one father and mother in all the world for Daisy Downs, and that is right here: only I should never have found it out if it hadn't been for last night."—*Christian Union.*

A TRUE FAIRY TALE.

BY NORAH.

"What is a fairy like, William?" asked Janetta, as she was sitting in the kitchen one evening.

"Och, the fairies are lovely crachures—faces like flowers, hair like spun sunbames, dressed in grane satin or velvet all sparklin' wid diamonds, loike the dew on the shamrocks, wid ropes an' ropes ov pearls roun' their white throats and soft arums; sometimes they're in white loike a lily leaf or a white cloud. Whativer dress they wear they're always lighthearted and gay, dancin' loike a lafe in the sunny air, singin' swater than the burds, an' playin' music on little goold harps, tunes they remimber since the earth was young. An' they help kindly all distrest, dacent crachures."

"Did you ever see a fairy your own self, William?"

"Is it see a fairy, Miss Janetta? Do you think I could live on the blessed Kerry hills, or about the lakes ov loveliness, an' the swate lone glens, widout seein' iver a fairy?"

"Tell us about seeing one, William, do tell us," I coaxed.

"The first wan e'er I saw was whin I was a slip of a gossoon. It was the year of the scarcity, whin the pratees rotted in the ground, an' the people dhropped loike dead laves and died wid the hunger. All the people in the counthry wor starvin', and we wor starvin' wid the rest. It's well for you, Miss Janetta, that you don't know what that manes. There was my father and mother, Nora an' Ellen, Jimsey, a wee dawshy crachure on the brust, an' meself. We had boiled nettles an' sourocks to ate; we hadn't a bite or sup ov anythin' wholesome for days and days, an' we wor wake wid the fastin' an' sick wid the thrash that we ate, an' the hopelessness. My father wint away somewheres where there was road-makin' to be done, an' the laborers wor paid wid male.

"Whin he wint away, white an' wan he was himself, to work for a bite an' a sup for us, he says to my mother: 'Bear up, Mary achushla', says he, 'for by the blessin' ov God, I'll not come home widout a lock ov male itself, anyway; an' ye'll have a bowl ov warm gruel for you an' the childher to put away the gnawin' ov the hunger.'

"Well, my mother was wakely wid the starvin, and Jimsey the crachure drawin' the heart's blood out ov her, in place ov the milk that wasn't there, an' Nora an' Ellen moanin' wid hunger; an' so she said we would creep into the rags ov bed clothes, an' try to kape warm, an' maybe slape till he'd come back again an' bring the male.

"Well, sure enough we did doze off into a kind ov hungry slape. Myself dramed that I was aitin' my fill ov floury potatoes, an' had lashins ov milk to thim, an' salt an' all, an' I cuddn't taste thim at all at all, for my teeth kep' comin' together as if nothin' was betwixt thim. We lived in a lonesome place among the hills where there was no comin' and goin'. My mother she dramed, ov all things, that the fairies wor cookin' her dinner. She dramed that she woke up an' saw two beautiful fairies lookin' in ov the cabin door, an' sayin' wan to the other, 'They're dyin' ov the hunger', says one, 'We won't let thim die,' says another. 'Let us make them somethin' good,' says the both. Well I woke up hearin' my mother sayin' in a whisper, 'Lord keep us an' save us!' I was behind her in the bed, an' I lifted my head an' looked over her, an' there forninst me on the flure wor two illigant fairies, wid their gowns pinned up an' they as busy as bees. Before I wint to bed I built up a fire an' hung on the pot wid wather in it—full to the top—that all might be ready whin my father kim home wid the lock ov male an we wuddn't have long to wait on the gruel he promised us, an' I filled the wather can be fear it might boil away.

"Well, they had the roarin fire, and the pot was boilin' like mad, an' there was a divoine smell ov raal broth wid mate in it all over the cabin. The pot boiled an' boiled, an' they stirred an' stirred, an' tasted an' tasted, an' they niver let on to see us watchin' thim wid hungry eyes. One says to the other, 'It's done, so it is, an' the other said, 'It's raal good.' An' then they wint over to the dresser, an' they got a bowl an' a wooden ladle, an' they lifted out some ov the broth, an' thin they broke white bread into the bowl an' stirred an' tasted again before our hungry eyes. The weeny Nora could stand it no longer, an' she cried out:

"'Give us some, av ye plaze; we're very hungry.'

"An' they turned, both ov thim at wance, an' looked at us, an' the wan said to the other 'They're awake.'

"One ov thim came to the bed wid the bowl in her hand, an' my mother tuk heart wid the fear, an' she says 'Don't be angry at the girleen, she meant no harrum, but the hunger's on her, an' the good smell's too much for her.'

"The fairy put the bowl into my mother's hand an she said to her, 'Ate that an' feed the girleen wid it. We give it to you because we borryed your fire an' your dishes.' An' they filled a bowl for me, an' for Ellen, an' filled my mother's again, full up, because she had Nora an' Jimsey to feed.

"An' then they put the lid on the pot agin, an' let down their gowns—tuk the pins out ov the skirts you know—an' put on their cloaks an' hats an' wor ready to go.

"'Do you know who we are?' said they to my mother.

"'Oh, you're the good people, shure enough,' says she.

"'How did you like the broth?' says wan.

"'It was gran,' my lady,' says my mother, 'an' the blessin' ov the perishin's on ye, an' it'll do ye good, so it will, whoiver you are.'

"'Where's your husband?' says the other fairy.

"'He's away workin' at the road to fetch us home a lock ov male,' says my mother.

"'Well,' says she, 'see the pot aff the crook an' don't take the lid aff till he comes home, an" give him what's in it then, to stringthin him. Don't disobey me, for fear the luck I brought will lave ye.'

"'Thank ye kindly,' says my mother. 'I'll do as ye say, niver fear.'

"'If ye think we belong to the good people,' says the other lady, 'why don't you ask us for somethin'?'

"'I do be afraid to ax yer ladyship for anything, for fear ov makin' too bould an' givin' offince,' says my mother, all ov a trimble.

"'Ask,' says she; 'try our power.'

"'Well,' says my mother, 'if you give me lave, I'll ask for help to feed the childher, that I mayn't see them die before me eyes ov starvation.'

"'Do you know the clump of whins on the top ov the hill behind the cabin?' says she.

"'Sure there's many a clump of whins up there,' says my mother, 'an' how will I know the right one?'

"'The clump I mane,' says the fairy, 'is beside a big grey stone.'

"'I know it well,' says I, spaking out; 'there's a stone-chicker's nest in it, my lady.'

"'That's the very one, my boy,' says she. 'Ivery mornin' whin the sun rises, if you or your mother goes up to the whins by the big stone you will find somethin' there, if you never tell any one.'

"'I'll never brathe it to man or mortial,' says my mother, 'you may depend upon that, my lady.'

"So they wint off wid themselves, in their grane gowns an' rid cloaks, an' we niver saw thim more; but ivery mornin' at sunroise I wint to the whins by the grey stone, an' there was always somethin' there for us for many a day."

"Were they not splendid? Was your father glad when he came home and found the broth waiting for him, William?"

"He was that, Miss Janetta, an' the sup ov warrum broth was the beginnin' ov good luck to him. He got work wid the master here, God bless him. After a while I tuk sarvice wid the master too, an' I have been wid him iver since. I don't forget the time, though whin I wint to the whin bush ivery mornin' for somethin' for us to ate."

The story was hardly done when uncle and aunt came home, and I was so full of it that I could not keep from telling it to them.

"I am sorry to destroy illusions, Janetta, they're nice and comforting as William finds, but his fairies were related to you, and were neither more nor less than two harum-scarum young girls," said Uncle.

"Oh, Uncle!"—I could say no more.

"A long time ago," he went on mercilessly, "when your dear grandmother was alive we lived in Kerry. I was not married then. I had two young sisters, twins, named Sydney and Harriet, a great deal younger than I. They were very much indulged, for they were, except myself, all that were left to your grandmother out of a large family. They were pretty, golden-haired girls, very small of their age; they were thirteen at this time, and as like one another as twin cherries. They were kind-hearted girls, but as tricksy as kittens. As William told you, it was a year of scarcity—a dreadful year of privation and suffering to the poor, and of hard self-denial to us who strove to help them. A rumor had come to the girls, through the servants I suppose, that a family up the mountains were dying of hunger. They stole away up the mountain to see if the story was true. They happened to be dressed that day in green French delaine dresses and short red mantles, their gipsy hats trimmed with ivy wreaths. I daresay that Sydney and Harriet made two very nice respectable fairies.

"Uncle!" I almost screamed, a new light breaking in on my mind, "you don't mean to say that mamma and Aunt Sydney were the fairies."

"Wait, Miss Impatience, till I have told my story and then judge for yourself."

"Well go on, Uncle, please," I said.

"They found the cabin easy enough, and went in, for it was on the latch, and saw a pitiful sight. The poor creatures, wasted to skin and bone with sickness and want, were huddled up in a corner asleep under some rags. There was a fire burning on the hearth and a pot with water in it hanging on the crook over it. Filled with pity, they stole out softly and ran home. Your grandmother and I happened to be out. They could not wait, so leaving the necessity of the case to excuse them, they made a raid on the pantry and abstracted whatever came first to hand. There did not happen to be much in the pantry, but they seized on a dish of soup made the day before, jellied that they might have thrown it over the house, the remains of a leg-of roast mutton, and a loaf of bread. They made haste back with their plunder, and pinning up their dresses turned cooks for the first time. When the pot was already on the fire, it was not difficult to make soup out of what they had brought with them. Do you wonder, Janetta, that when ignorant and superstitious people, weak with sickness and hunger, went to sleep famishing, with not a scrap of anything eatable in the house, and woke up to find food provided for them unexpectedly, and to them, miraculously, and were waited on by two pretty girls, whom they had never seen before, and never saw again, that they thought them fairies, and what they received from them fairy gifts?

"Our fairies had to deny themselves many things to be able to leave the secret supply in the whin bush by the big stone every evening."

"Oh, they would be willing to do that, I know. Why, Uncle, only think, mamma and Aunt Sydney could say like the pretty text I learned, 'The blessing of him who was ready to perish came upon me!' They would not mind giving up when they had that. And do you really think, Uncle, that there are no fairies?"

"I never saw any but the two spoiled girls I have told you about now."

"I am ashamed of myself, Uncle, and yet I am ever so sorry that there are no real fairies."

"My dear Janetta, we do not mean to abolish Wonderland, but we will keep the fairies there and not try to bring them into every-day life, to the destruction of the cabbage garden. Good-nature, contentment, loving-kindness, cheerfulness, are four domestic fairies that should be at home round every hearth."

"UNCLE TOM."

(Continued.)

It was sometime before Josiah Henson recovered from the inhuman treatment he had received, and at the best the recovery was incomplete, for he was never afterwards able to raise his hands as high as his head.

He was married when about twenty-two years of age to a very efficient, and for a slave, well-taught girl. At this time he superintended the farming operations for his master and sold the produce in the neighboring markets of Washington and Georgetown. Although under his superintendence and careful management the land produced more than ever before, and better prices were realized in the markets, his master fell into diffiulties through dissipation and was consequently ruined. The latter at this time fell into a most despondent condition and on one occasion went into Tom's cabin, where, moaning and wringing his hands, he drew out all the sympathy of his poor slave. He confessed that he had been ruined through an adverse law suit and in his distress threw his arms round his overseer, begged his forgiveness for past abuses, and asked his aid in bringing him out of his difficulties by taking the slaves to a brother in Kentucky.

Josiah after much urging, though fearful of the treatment he and his fellow slaves would receive further south, consented. He had little trouble with his companions, who marched along untrammelled. Often when stopping for the night they met negro-drivers with their droves, who were almost uniformly chained to prevent them from running away. The question was often asked Josiah by the drivers, "Whose niggers are those?" On being informed, the next enquiry usually was, "Where are they going?" "To Kentucky" "Who drives them?" "Well, I have charge of them," was his reply. "What a smart nigger!" was the usual exclamation, with an oath. "Will your master sell you? come in and stop with us." In this way he was often invited to pass the evening with them in the bar-room; their negroes in the meantime, lying chained in the pen, while his were scattered around at liberty."

When passing along the Ohio Shore a new trouble assailed him, he and his charge being repeatedly told that they were no longer slaves, but free men if they chose. At Cincinnati crowds of colored people surrounded them insisting on their remaining. The people under him began to grow insubordinate. But Josiah never thought of obtaining his liberty otherwise than by purchase, and having an ambition in fulfilling his difficult task to the letter, exercised all his authority over his fellows and arrived at his new home in Davis County, Kentucky, about the middle of April 1825.

On the plantation of Mr. Amos Riley, his old master's brother, he was also made superintendent, having under him from eighty to one hundred readers. Here he had better opportunities of attending preaching than ever before, and used his knowledge to the advantage of the negroes on the plantation, and in three years after his arrival at his new home was admitted as a preacher by a Quarterly Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1828 his master sent an agent to Kentucky to sell all his slaves but Josiah and his family, and there occurred one of those heart-rending scenes, the most terrible of the infamous system of bondage, the sale of slaves and the consequent separation of families. As he looked at the scene—husbands and wives, parents and children, in whom were implanted affections as strong as in the white men, parted in all probability for ever—he regretted bitterly that when at Cincinnati he had not allowed them to escape, and for the first time in his life appears to have realized the "institution" of slavery in its enormity and nakedness.

During the summer of 1828, a Methodist preacher, a white man, urged upon Henson to make some effort to gain his freedom, and advised him to obtain Amos Riley's consent to see his old master in Maryland, and offered to put him in a way to free himself. When autumn came and Henson was no more needed in the fields he obtained the permission he desired, and was given as his passport a certificate allowing him to pass and repass between Kentucky and Maryland, as a servant of Amos Riley. In addition he carried a note of introduction from his Methodist friend to a brother preacher in Cincinnati. This latter on his arrival procured him a number of friends, and he was given an opportunity to preach in two or three pulpits of the city, where he pleaded his cause with such eloquence, and with the feeling of one on whose words depended the question of life or death, that he created a very great interest in himself, and in three days left the city with one hundred and sixty dollars in his pocket. He then attended the Ohio Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Chillicothe, previously purchasing a good suit of clothes and an excellent horse, and preaching from town to town on his way. He began now to feel for the first time the sweets of liberty and to enjoy the sympathy which acknowledged him as a brother; but while these were dear to him, he clung to his determination to gain his freedom by one way only, that of purchase.

When he arrived at his old home he was the proud possessor of a good suit of clothes, two hundred and seventy-five dollars and a horse. It may be imagined that he put on no little "style" as he rode up through the village where he had been known as "Riley's head-nigger," or by those more familar with him as "Sie." His master gave him a boisterous reception, and expressed great delight at seeing him. About his first expression was, "What have you been doing, Sie? You have turned into a regular black gentleman." At this time the slave was much better dressed than the master, and the latter, quickly growing envious of his servant's improved condition, changed his manner, speaking plainly though silently, "I'll take the gentleman out of you pretty soon." He asked for Henson's pass and, seeing that it was good for his return, gave it to his wife to lock up in her desk. Henson was sent to sleep in the kitchen. What a change that was from the experience of his three months' freedom! The crowded room, with its earth floor, its filth and stench, his loneliness—all the negroes were strangers, and in his absence his mother had died—caused bitter and gloomy reflections, and his desire for freedom was strengthened.

He knew of but one friend to whom he could appeal, the brother of his master's wife, called "Master Frank," whom he had befriended years before, when the boy was almost starved and otherwise brutally used. He obtained permission to visit him, through a little engineering obtained possession of his passport, and was successful in obtaining Frank's assistance in gaining his freedom. Through Master Frank's negotiation Henson was allowed to purchase his freedom for four hundred and fifty dollars, of which three hundred and fifty was to be in cash—which he made up through the sale of his horse—the balance in Henson's note of hand, and on March 9th, 1829 he received his manumission papers in due form of law.

At once he prepared to return to Kentucky, where his wife and children were. When getting ready his master accosted him in the most friendly manner and enquired interestedly about his plans, amongst other things saying, "You'll be a fool if you show your certificate of freedom on the road. Some slave-trader will get hold of it, and tear it up, and you'll be thrown into prison, sold for your jail fees, and be in his possession before any of your friends can help you. Don't show it at all,—your pass is enough. Let me enclose your papers for you under cover to my brother. Nobody will care to break a seal for that is a state-prison matter; and when you arrive in Kentucky you will have it with you all safe and sound."

Under the impression that this advice was disinterested, Henson was extremely grateful and accordingly permitted his papers to be enclosed in an envelope, sealed and directed to Amos Riley, Davis County, Kentucky. He was subjected to many delays on his journey and his progress was slow. On his arrival his first visit was to his own home where he learned to his astonishment that letters had reached the "great house," as the master's was always called, and through the children it had been learned that he had been preaching and bargaining for his freedom, and had raised much money to that end. His wife, who did not have a very exalted opinion of his preaching abilities, evidently had a suspicion that he had stolen the money and questioned him pretty closely as to the matter. Her fears on that score being quieted it was Josiah's turn to be astonished. He thus describes what followed:

(To be Continued.)

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1877, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON III.

JANUARY 20.]

THE COVENANT RENEWED. [About 941 B. C.].

READ 2 Chron. 15: 8-15. RECITE vs. 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Be ye strong, therefore, and let not your hands be weak; for your work shall be rewarded.—2 Chron. 15: 7.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The Lord is with you while ye be with him.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—As Asa was returning from his victory over Zerah, the prophet Azariah met him; recalled God's dealings with Judah, and prompted Asa to complete the restoration of the true religion, which he had begun.

NOTES ON PERSONS, PLACES, ETC.—*Oded*, possibly the same as Iddo (9: 29; 12: 15), but probably another person. The prophet here meant is undoubtedly "Azariah." See v. 1. *Mount E'-phra-im*, a range of hills in the territory of Ephraim, between Jerusalem and Shechem. *Sim'-e-on*, the territory of Simeon was south of Judah; and hence, to join Israel (the northern kingdom), its people must pass through Judah. Some joined Judah, but most of the tribe appear to have united in idolatry with Israel. *Trum-pets—Cor-nets*, used in the temple dedication. 2 Chron. 5: 12, 13. The trumpet was probably a straight instrument, the cornet crooked and of horn, though their distinctive character is not well defined.

HEAD OF SHISHAK.

SHESHAK, or Sheshonk I., noted his exploits on the wall of the temple at Karnak by a series of sculptures, from which the head of the king is copied. In the centre of the series appears to be a Jewish face with the inscription found by Champollion, "YUDEH MALK," "Judah king" or "Judah kingdom."

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE GREAT MEETING. (II.) THE SOLEMN PLEDGE.

I. THE GREAT MEETING. (8.) ODED, see Notes; PUT AWAY . . . IDOLS, see 2 Chron. 14: 3-5; CITIES . . . EPHRAIM, probably cities taken by his father Abijah, 2 Chron. 13: 19. (9.) STRANGERS—that is, Israelites from the northern kingdom, the ten tribes; EPHRAIM, MANASSEH, SIMEON, see Notes; FELL TO HIM, see 2 Chron. 11: 14. (10.) GATHERED THEMSELVES as commanded by the king, v. 9. (11.) OFFERED UNTO THE LORD, by sacrifices; THE SAME TIME, or "in that day." The Targum adds, "on the feast of weeks, or Pentecost;" OF THE SPOIL, taken from the Ethiopians, 2 Chron. 14: 12, 13.

1. QUESTIONS.—Describe Asa's victory over Zerah. What prophet met him? With what message? v. 2. His charge to Asa? v. 7. The effect on Asa? v. 8. What did he remove? From what cities? What did he rebuild? What meeting did he call? v. 9. Who came besides people of Judah and Benjamin? Why did they come? In what year and month of Asa's reign? Near the time of what feast? (See Explanations.) What did they offer? From whom was the spoil taken?

II. THE SOLEMN PLEDGE. (12.) COVENANT, promise, agreement, Ex. 24: 3-8; Jer. 34: 18; TO SEEK THE LORD, Matt. 22: 37. (13.) PUT TO DEATH, the law condemned idolaters to be slain. Deut. 17: 2-7. (14.) WITH A LOUD VOICE, AND WITH SHOUTING, showing that they made the promise boldly and willingly; TRUMPETS . . . CORNETS, see Notes. (15) JUDAH REJOICED, a cheerful serving of the Lord; HE WAS FOUND, see v. 2; THE LORD GAVE THEM REST, so David had rest (2 Sam. 7: 1), and Solomon. 1 King 5: 4; 8: 56.

2. QUESTIONS.—What did the people enter into? Who with? What is a covenant? How fully did they enter into it? State the second condition of the covenant, v. 13. On what founded? How did they confirm their promise? v. 14. In what spirit? v. 15. How fully did they seek the Lord? With what result? Who else had a "rest" under similar circumstances?

What facts in this lesson teach us—

(1.) That we are to heed a message from the Lord?
(2.) That we are to meet for the worship of God?
(3.) That we should solemnly promise to serve God?
(4.) That we should do this joyfully?
(5.) That the Lord will reward those who serve Him faithfully?

ILLUSTRATIONS.—*Worth of God's promises.* Promises are like bonds—their value depends upon the worth of the signer. If a beggar sign a bond for $10,000, who esteems it better than blank paper? But if a man of estate bind himself to pay it, then it is looked upon as so much real estate. God hath made rich promises, and is able to perform them. *Satan against fidelity.* When Faith would lay hold on the promises, Satan rappeth her on the fingers, as it were, and seeks to beat her off.—*Trapp.*

LESSON IV.

JANUARY 27.]

JEHOSHAPHAT'S PROSPERITY. [About 914-910 B. C.].

READ 2 Chron. 17: 1-10. RECITE vs. 3-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.—And they taught in Judah, and had the book of the law of the Lord with them, and went about throughout all the cities of Judah, and taught the people.—2 Chron. 17: 9.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The Lord prospers His true servants.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—After renewing the covenant with Jehovah, Asa removed his mother from being queen because of her idolatry; was attacked by Baasha, king of Israel; made a league with Benhadad, king of Syria; was reproved by Hanani, the prophet, whom he cast into prison; died of "disease in his feet" (gout); succeeded by his son Jehoshaphat. During Asa's reign of forty-one years in Judah, five kings ruled in Israel: Baasha, Elah, Zimri, Omri, and Ahab.

NOTES ON PERSONS.—*Je-ho-sh-a'-phat*, fourth king of Judah, reigned twenty-five years, 914-889 B. C.; of good character for piety, but fell into sin by an alliance with wicked Ahab; his son married a daughter of Ahab and Jezebel; had wars with Moab; the famous *Moabite Stone* verifies this history. *Ba-a'-lim*, plural of Baal, the sun-god. *Priests, Le'-vites, priests*, princes were chief court-officers; Levites sons of Levi; priests were Levites who were sons of Aaron. *Ben-ha'-il, O-ba-di'-ah, Zech-a-ri'-ah, Neth-a-ni'-ah, Ne-than'-e-el, Mi-cha-i'-ah, Shem-a-i'-ah, Zeb-a-di'-ah, As'-a-hel, She-mir'-a-moth, Je-hon'-a-than, Ad-o-ni'-jah, To-bi'-jah, Tob'-ad-o-ni'-jah, E-lish'-a-ma, Je-ho'-ram*; nothing further is known of these men.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) ESTABLISHED OF THE LORD. (II.) ESTABLISHED RELIGIOUS TEACHING.

I. ESTABLISHED OF THE LORD. (1.) STRENGTHENED HIMSELF, by fortifying his cities and raising an army; ISRAEL—that is, the ten tribes. (2.) FENCED CITIES, fortified or walled cities; SET GARRISONS, or "governors," see 1 Kings 4: 7, or more probably "military posts," see 1 Chron. 11: 16. (3.) FIRST WAYS, the ways of David before his public sins; BAALIM, see Notes and picture. (4.) DOINGS OF ISRAEL, as the worship of calves Baal and the groves. 1 Kings 16: 31-33. (5.) PRESENTS, free-will gifts in addition to regular taxes. (6.) LIFTED UP IN THE WAYS OF THE LORD, not pride of heart, but was encouraged in the ways of the Lord; HIGH PLACES, GROVES, 2 Chron. 15: 16, 17.

I. QUESTIONS.—Who were kings of Israel while Asa was king of Judah? Who succeeded Asa? How long did Jehoshaphat reign? What was his character? His first act as king? v. 1. Against whom? How did he strengthen his kingdom? v. 2. Who was with him? Why? The meaning of "first ways"? Of Baalim? Whom did he seek? Whose doings did he not follow? What did the Lord do for him? What did Judah bring him? What did he have in abundance? In whose ways was he lifted up? The meaning of "lifted up"? What did he take away?

II. ESTABLISHED RELIGIOUS TEACHING.—(7.) PRINCES, BENHAIL, etc., see Notes; TO TEACH, the law of the Lord. See v. 9. (9.) BOOK OF THE LAW, probably the Pentateuch or five books of Moses. (10.) FELL UPON, "was on all the kingdoms," 1 Chron. 29: 30.

II. QUESTIONS.—What did the king do to promote religion? From how many classes did he select his teachers? Name the three classes. How many chief teachers of the princes were sent? Of the Levites? Of the priests? What were they to teach? Where? To whom? What fell on the kingdoms about Judah? Why? The result to Jehoshaphat?

What facts in this lesson teach us—

(1.) That prosperity is of the Lord?
(2.) That blessings should give his people courage?
(3.) That the Lord's law is to be taught to the people?
(4.) That the fear of the Lord is a protection against enemies?

ILLUSTRATIONS.—*Prosperity. How safe.* "In the midst of pleasures and enjoyments let me still feel, like the Psalmist, that the best of all is to draw near unto Thee. Break also the snares with which Satan endeavors to make a prey of my soul."—*Gotthold.*

"*Prosperity*," says Lord Bacon, "is the blessing of the Old Testament. How many eminent saints from being poor became rich, as Abraham, Jacob, Joseph, David, Daniel! Adversity seems to be the blessing of the New Testament, as we see in the apostles Peter, James, John, Paul, and our Lord himself."

BAAL-IMAGES.

FORMS OF BAAL.—These forms of this god are copied from old Carthaginian and Phœnician coins as given in *Creuzer's Symbolik*. There are many other forms also found on these old coins; one has a hideous face, the lower parts resembling a hand; a shield in one hand and a sword in the other.

CAMPAIGN NOTES.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON—DEAR SIRS,—We succeeded in finding the accompanying answers to Bible questions published in the MESSENGER during 1877. We trust you will continue to publish Bible questions. The Sunday-school lessons by Edwin W. Rice are admired and highly prized here. Hope you will have the ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND subscribers for which you have asked. I think there will be a larger club from Thompson, I.C.R., this year. A. S. R.

Thompson, I. C. R., N. S.

VALE COLLIERY, Dec. 31st, 1877.

JOHN DOUGALL & SONS—DEAR SIRS,—I did not mention in my last letter that I received my skates in due time. But I *did* and I assure you I am *well* pleased with them. I did not expect to get such a pair of skates for such a few names as I sent you, nor did I expect that you were going to send me a blank form and the number of other papers which you sent me to canvass for. But as I saw you went to so much trouble in mailing my skates, at such a price, 75c, if I am not mistaken, and also the mailing of the papers, I thought I would do what I could to show you that I was not ungrateful for what you did for me, and I got a few more names (as you will see) for your NORTHERN MESSENGER. F. A. A.

ALTHOUGH the MESSENGER circulation is increasing rapidly it does not at present look as if it were to have 100,000 by the end of the campaign. But still much may be done by unanimous effort. If each reader of this paragraph would obtain one new subscriber there would be no doubt of the HUNDRED THOUSAND.

EPPS'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING. "By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*—Sold only in Packets labelled—"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

VENNOR'S ALMANAC MAY BE PURCHASED from all book stores, or will be sent post free by the publishers for 20c a copy.

SUPPLEMENTARY PRIZE LIST.

We have received letters from a few workers saying that they do not care about the Skates, are not anxious for a cash commission and would like some other prize. One little girl tells us that there is not a pond within ten miles of her place, and a gentleman that he has but one leg, and therefore the Skates would not suit. On the presumption that there are others somewhat similarly situated, the following supplementary prize list (which, in every case, gives the worker the advantage of the wholesale price of the goods mentioned) is submitted.

Any person sending in one new subscriber to the WEEKLY WITNESS, at $1.10 or four new subscribers to the MESSENGER, at 30c each (and stating that it is for a picture), will receive a chromo of Earl Dufferin, or the Countess of Dufferin, as may be preferred, size 11 x 14 inches.

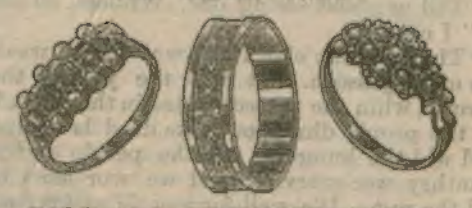
Anyone sending in two new subscribers to the WEEKLY WITNESS, or eight for the NORTHERN MESSENGER, or one new subscriber to the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, at $2 (and stating they are working for the pictures), will receive the pair of chromos, which will make very nice ornaments.

A GOLD LOCKET will be given to any person who sends in $6 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS publications.

A GENUINE SILVER HUNTING-CASE WALTHAM WATCH, Plain-Jewelled, and commonly retailed at $20. A good time-keeper.

One of these very popular Watches will be sent to every person sending in $60 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS PUBLICATIONS.

FOR GIRLS ONLY.



GOLD AND JEWELLED RINGS.

This is a present exclusively for girls (little or grown-up). Also for those who intend to present the prize to their lady friends. The Gold Keeper shown in the centre of the engraving retails at $2, and will be mailed to anyone sending us $5 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS PUBLICATIONS. The Gold Ring with eight pearls and five stones retails at $4; it will be mailed to anyone who sends $10 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS PUBLICATIONS. The Gold Ring with three pearls and six stones retails at $5; it will be mailed to anyone sending $13 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS PUBLICATIONS. If the competitors prefer they can obtain rings of greater value on equally advantageous terms. For example, if they send $50 in new subscriptions, they would receive by return mail a ring which they would have to pay $20 for at any retail store; and such a ring would be a pretty good one. A lady in sending for any of these rings should send a piece of paper or thread the size of her finger, so that one to fit may be obtained.

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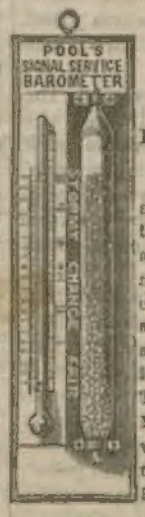

Pool's Signal Service Barometer.

This Barometer is of very early invention and will detect and indicate any change in the weather twelve to forty-eight hours in advance. It tells what kind of storm is approaching and from what quarter it comes. Many farmers plan their work according to its predictions. There is an accurate thermometer attached, which alone is worth the price of the combination. This is sold retail by the General Agents, Messrs. Ostell & Co., Montreal, for $2. One will be sent to every person sending $6 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS PUBLICATIONS.

A Handsome PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM which retails at $2.25, will be mailed to all who send $7 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS PUBLICATIONS.

FUN FOR THE WINTER EVENINGS.

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Every letter must be marked "In competition," or otherwise express the intention to compete for one or more of these prizes.

No names are entered on our subscription lists unless the money accompanies the order.

You can obtain sample copies, directions for working and any other information at any time by writing to

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
WITNESS OFFICE, MONTREAL.

THE CLUB RATES FOR THE MESSENGER are, when sent to one address, as follows:—1 copy, 30c.; 10 copies, $2.50; 25 copies, $6; 50 copies, $11.50; 100 copies, $22; 1,000 copies, $200. J. DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

DESERVEDLY POPULAR.—That deservedly popular and increasingly attractive, thoroughly Canadian periodical—the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY—has made its December visit to thousands of Canadian homes, freighted with just such reading as should be supplied to every home in the land. This last number for 1877 is decidedly the best yet published, being greatly enlarged in size, improved in appearance, and still more worthy of that extensive and largely increasing circulation secured by this periodical. We are pleased to learn that the extent of public favor and support bestowed upon this monthly, warrant the liberal and enterprising publishers in enlarging the size, and still improving their periodical, which, even in its smaller dimensions and less attractive outfit was a credit to Canada. The NEW DOMINION MONTHLY may, with confidence, be placed on the table of every dwelling; every member of the family may have access to its pages, and all will be better for it. In whatever home this desirable monthly may yet be a stranger, its introduction for the coming year would prove a profitable New Year's gift. How could a couple of dollars be better invested than by securing a regular monthly supply of choice reading for the whole family. The enterprising publishers deserve well of the community for their liberality and indefatigable exertions in fostering Canadian literature and enterprise, and bringing within the reach of all so desirable a periodical.—*North Ontario Observer*, Port Perry, Dec. 27th, 1877.

NEW FEATURES AND GREAT IMPROVEMENTS have been added to the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY. Amongst the more notable articles in the January number are—one on "Public Speaking," by Mr. George Murray, Montreal; a paper "Nineteenth Century Progress," by Mr. S. E. Dawson, Montreal; a review of the life of that Prince of Humbugs, Cagliostro, by Mr. C. W. A. Dedrickson. There is also a Young Folks' Department, full of interest; a Home Department for mothers in particular and everybody in general; a Chess Department, which is skillfully conducted by Mr. J. E. Ascher, Montreal; a Draught Department, by Mr. Andrew Whyte, Bolton Forest, Quebec. This magazine is making most rapid strides into the public favor. The price is 20c per single copies, or $2 a year. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal, are the publishers, to whom orders may be sent.

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